



# Student Review

BYU's *U*nofficial Magazine

year 2, issue 16

Provo, Utah

January 20, 1988

## BYU Hosts 2nd Annual Black Awareness Week

by Mark Freeman

This week is Black Awareness Week at Brigham Young University. Black Awareness Week is being sponsored by the BYU Black Student Association (BSA). 1988 marks the second year that BSA has organized and presented programs during Black Awareness Week.

Joelle Aull, president of BSA, is very excited about this year's proceedings. She sees Black Awareness Week as an excellent opportunity to "enhance BYU's cultural education" and broaden student perspectives beyond the largely white culture of Utah valley.

*"Black Awareness Week programs are not only for black students, they are for all students."*

Joelle Aull —  
president of BYU Black  
Student Association

According to Aull, this year's Black Awareness Week has received extensive support from the university. University departments supporting this year's programs include the David M. Kennedy Center for International Studies, the College of Humanities, the Political Science department, the Communications department, and a host of other BYU departments and organizations.

Joelle is worried that many BYU students of other races will think that the black awareness programs are not appropriate for their participation. She wants to emphasize that "Black Awareness Week programs are

not only for black students, they are for all students."

This year's theme is "success." The theme is captured well in a statement by Hyrum Smith. "There is no fate, no destiny, no chance, that can circumvent, hinder, or control the firm resolve of a determined soul."

Black awareness programs began Tuesday at 11:00 am, with a lecture from Dr. William Guillory, the president of Innovations Consultants. In line with this year's theme, Dr. Guillory addressed students on "Success."

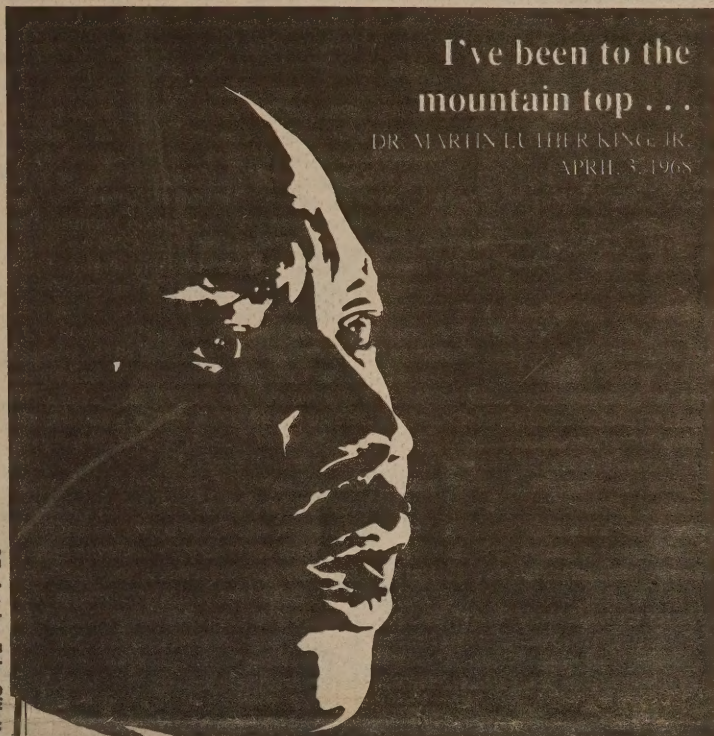
Beginning at 10:00 am, Wednesday, a film will be shown periodically throughout the day entitled "Black Legacy: A History of the Black Experience in Utah." This can be seen in the Wilkinson Center step-down lounge.

On Thursday at 8:00 pm, Andrew Young, the former United States ambassador to the United Nations, will address students in the Wilkinson Center Memorial Lounge. Mr. Young is currently the mayor of Atlanta. The subject of his address will be "US Human Rights as Perceived by Developing Nations."

BSA has invited Phillip Walker, the artistic director of the African American Drama Co., to BYU on Friday. Beginning at noon, he will be hosting two separate workshops in room 321 of the Wilkinson Center. The second workshop begins at 1:00 pm and lasts until 3:00pm.

Black Awareness Week will conclude with a performance by Mr. Walker at 7:00pm in the Harris Fine Arts Center's Nelke Experimental Theatre. Walker will be performing a single-actor play entitled "Can I Speak for You, Brother?" The play is an historical depiction of important black African and American figures and their experiences. Admission is \$2 at the door.

Aull believes that last year's Black Awareness Week helped broaden BYU students' cultural perspectives. BSA is hoping that this year's proceedings will continue to have a positive impact on the BYU community.



I've been to the  
mountain top . . .

DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.  
APRIL 4, 1968

SR Art by Eric Gillett

## Global Warming Threatening the Earth's Environment

by J. Clarke Stevens

With local temperatures hovering around zero, it is hard to believe that the earth is heating up. But that is exactly the current concern of many environmental scientists. For the past ten years the ozone layer over Antarctica has virtually disappeared during the month of October.

The ozone layer is a sort of gaseous sunscreen for the earth. It helps block the damaging ultraviolet rays from the sun. Even if the ozone layer is only thinned a bit, there is an increased risk of sunburn and skin cancer. There is also evidence to suggest that ultraviolet light may be linked to cataracts and breakdown of the immune system. The National Academy of Sciences estimates that a 1% thinning of the ozone layer could result in a 2% increase in cases of skin cancer.

Of even more concern are the potentially disastrous environmental effects. If the ozone layer continues to decrease at its current rate, the mean temperature of the earth

could increase 9 degrees in the next one hundred years. This may not sound too serious, but a temperature increase of this magnitude could turn the breadbasket of the midwest into a dust bowl in fewer than sixty years.

Global warming could also result in a gradual melting of the polar ice caps. This would cause the sea level to rise and flood many coastal areas. It is not a problem we can afford to overlook.

### What is Global Warming?

There are several factors that contribute to the problem commonly known as global warming. The first process is known as the greenhouse effect. This is caused partly by carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. Carbon dioxide is the gas used to make soda-pop fizzy and it is also a gas produced by the normal breathing process.

It is kept in balance in part by the photosynthesis in which plants absorb carbon dioxide and give off oxygen. The carbon dioxide level in the atmosphere has increased dangerously in the last several years, however, due to increased burning of fossil fuels and wide scale deforestation.

When gases reach the stratosphere, they

please see **Warming**  
on back page

### CAMPUS LIFE

Travelling with  
Mormons



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### EDITORIALS

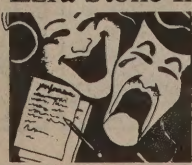
I'm not prejudiced,  
but...



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### ARTS & LEISURE

Ezra Stone Interview



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# Student Review

year 2 • issue 16

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# A Reexamination of Utah Valley's Gas "Pricing Scam"

by B. Michael Pritchett, Rowland H. Koller, and Robert G. Crawford

*Editor's note*—Last week the Utah County Journal printed an article on gas price-fixing in Utah county. The writer of the article claimed that prices were being fixed as he drove from here to California. Along the way, he noted that prices in Utah County seemed higher than prices in the other cities.

This was not the first time that the Journal has addressed the gas pricing issue. Back in 1984, when the paper was called the Central Utah Journal, they probed into the matter by conducting a telephone poll of Utah County residents. An astounding 96 percent felt that, somehow, price-fixing had to be responsible for the high gas prices in Utah County.

However, the issue is more complex than that. In response to the Journal's poll, three BYU economics professors wrote an article that appeared in the Salt Lake Tribune on March 18, 1984. That article, authored by B. Michael Pritchett, Rowland H. Koller, and Robert G. Crawford, is reprinted here by permission of the Salt Lake Tribune to give a more scholarly perspective to the issue.

Despite declining gasoline prices,

people still desire to find and punish those responsible for the price surge of the 1970s. The recent indictments of gasoline retailers in Utah are evidence of this, as are public com-

gasoline prices.

## The Local Gasoline Market

At the local level, almost every consumer comments that gas prices seem to change in all stations at about the same time. Others comment on "price wars," wherein some firms are alleged to drive prices to unprofitable levels to punish other firms for not following their profitable pricing leadership on other occasions.

Even if these comments represent facts, similarities in prices and "price wars" show nothing relative to collusion. Gasoline retailing involves sale of a homogenous product. Since the product is the same everywhere, prices at which it is sold must also be uniform.

Uniform prices require all sellers to change at essentially the same time. If some firms cut prices, all others must follow or face unacceptable losses of sales and profits. Motorists are expert buyers, are very mobile and have excellent information on rival sellers' prices. Consumers simply fill the tank at

*Many are convinced that an effective international conspiracy imposes arbitrary oil prices worldwide and local conspiracies arbitrarily control local gasoline prices.*

ments expressed in hearings, in letters to newspapers and in political activities.

Without offering inside facts or information on particular situations in Utah, or evaluating the merits of specific litigation, our training and research compel us to comment upon the conclusions being drawn about the petroleum industry by the public and press. Many believe that basic economic forces are not at the root of world oil and local gasoline prices. Rather, they are convinced that an effective international conspiracy imposes arbitrary oil prices worldwide and local conspiracies arbitrarily control local

please see **Pricing**  
on back page

## Student Review can be found at the following locations

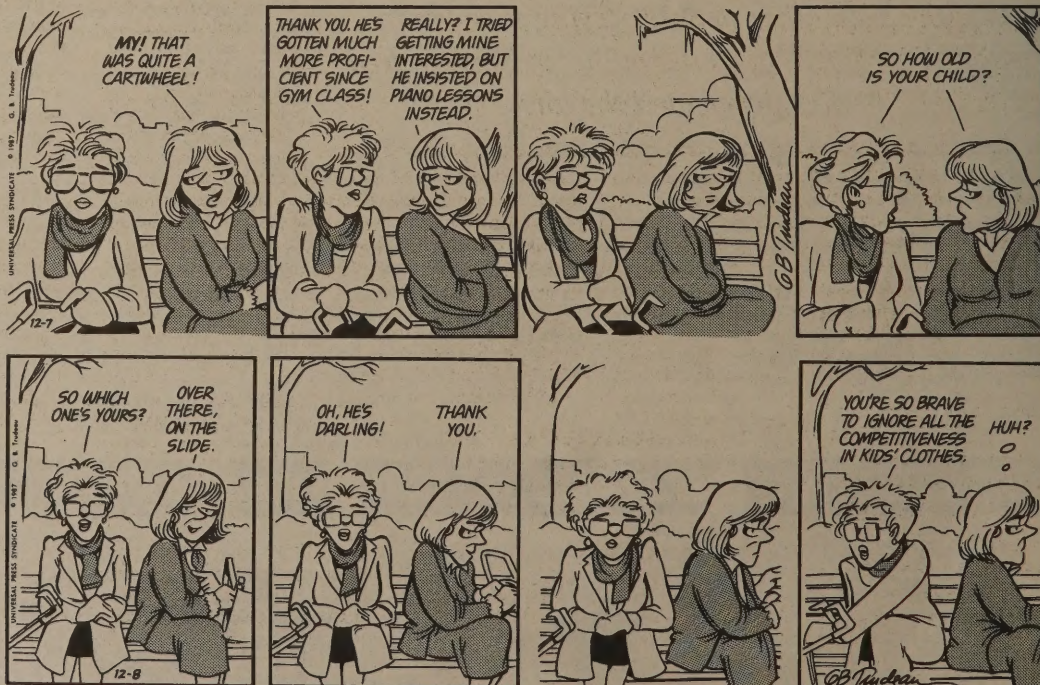
Food 4 Less (Plumtree Shopping Center)  
Raintree (1849N 200W)  
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Kinko's (7th East)

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Jim's Freeze (800N 475W)  
Crest (800N 700E)  
Crest (545N 900E)  
Minuteman (1220N 900E)  
Doubletime (1730N State)

## Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU





# CAMPUS LIFE

## Travelling with the Mormons: A Non-Mormon View of BYU Study Abroad

by Willa Murphy

"The farther one goes, the less one knows."  
Zen Buddhist koan

When I applied to study in London with BYU last year, I was warned that I would feel suffocated by those "damned Mormons," and probably long to come home after a few weeks. I disagreed. Imagining that three years of life in Provo had taught me enough about survival where the air is thin (and as an added bonus, Geneva Steel muck had conditioned me for London's industrial pollution), I followed my instincts, and wasn't disappointed—study abroad would be the most thrilling, educational, mind-opening, fascinating six months I'd ever experienced.

As our plane lifted off from Salt Lake's grey-brownscape, I wondered how American students who generally had lived all their lives in the secure arms of Mother Utah or been conditioned by the popular beliefs at BYU would react to the foreign: facial hair, caffeinated Coke, extreme hairstyles, sockless males. How, I pondered, will Mormons abroad function without jello salad or Y Sparkle?

Jetting, training, ferrying, bussing, metroing, running, hiking, and walking throughout Europe, you continually collide with other people—people who talk, think, and live much differently than most members of the BYU community (in one day I met an evangelist, a communist revolutionary, and a man preaching that Jesus was a homosexual because he invited only men to his dinner party. An Ulster fisherman/school-teacher in Northern Ireland taught me about man's dependency on the sea as we rode over angry Atlantic waves in an old rowboat and dug our bare hands in the numbing water for salmon. I taught Utah euphemisms to an English-speaking Russian one night—imagine a Russian-accented "Oh my heck!" Train and public transportation rides can be exceptional bonding experiences—enroute to Venice, I spent eight hours in a compartment with seven other people, talking and trying to sleep in a crowbar-type position as the odour of un-

*Enroute to Venice I spent eight hours in a compartment with seven other people, trying to sleep in a crowbar-type position as the odour of unshowered bodies permeated the air.*

showered bodies permeated the car). And you talk to these people and listen hard and look long at everything around you and you think and learn and try to understand. The more you see and experience, the more you recognize how little you know. At least, that is what can happen. It's not an easy thing for most self-satisfied Americans to see; for Americans viewing the world through Utah culture spectacles, the vision can take on an added self-righteous tint.

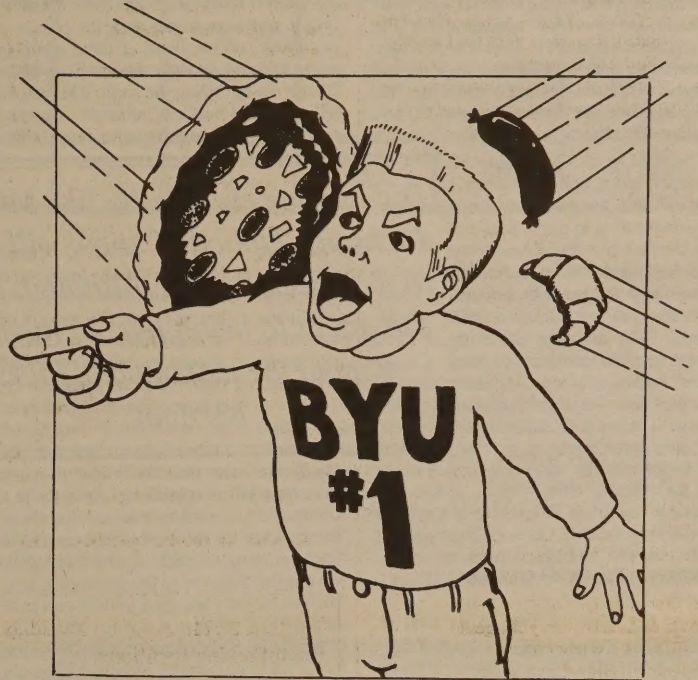
We all attended a fireside the first evening in London about being "in the world but not of it." Taking this advice to heart, some students later returned from a nightclub proclaiming London a "wicked city" because they saw green-haired people wearing leather and chains and combat boots (no socks, I imagine). As we roamed St. Paul's cathedral one student's assessment of the hourly recitation of the Lord's prayer was, "You guys, like, this is devil worship!" (Realizing that I'd unknowingly been praying to Satan all my life really put a damper on that afternoon). At first, although this attitude frightened me, I tried to blame it on the slowed mental capacities that jetlag sometimes causes. When we were all comfortably adjusted to our new time zone, some of these attitudes, though they were more the exception than the rule, didn't change.

It disturbed me that, for some, the study abroad program

was merely an extension of the Provo experience—we like to wrap everything up into neat little packages that make sense and label them "Truth." We like to observe selectively so that everything fits into our simple definitions (before leaving for Stonehenge, a prayer was said thanking God for all the "faithful people" who erected the monument—the Druids, that is, who engaged in human sacrifice). We like to be sure and be reassured. When something confusing or disturbing confronted certain students, the reaction of "You guys, I have a really bad feeling about this place" was often substituted for real thought or attempt at understanding. We visited Mauthausen concentration camp near Vienna, where someone really had a really bad feeling but then prayed about it and realized that what had happened there really didn't concern him

and he really needn't worry about it. Really. American innocence abroad is sometimes not too far from ignorance. Attempting to engage in scintillating conversation with a middle-aged Irishman, one student asked, "So, how was the Potato Famine?" When we reached the Salt Lake City of Catholicism, I was asked, "Willa, is the Pope married?" As we wandered around St. Peter's someone casually asked, "So, what is this place?" and another, "Where's the Vatican from here?" Our journey to the Soviet Union was, of course, the climax of selective observation: as we broke through the clouds and descended toward Leningrad, certain members of our group (apparently blood relatives of John Birch) eyed the land below suspiciously—"It looks so bleak and repressed!" they exclaimed at the harvested fields (it looked like Nebraska to me). "Everyone just looks so unhappy." But soon Books of Mormon were passed out in hopes of saving the Godless communists and everyone felt better. And when we took off from Moscow, many showed their appreciation by breaking into applause and breathing a capitalist sigh of relief.

We had testimony meetings often throughout our travels (one ironically in the bar of our Rome hotel). Some of them gave me a really bad feeling. Again and again, the general theme in peoples' comments seemed to be an inability to see any connection with the rest of humankind, except for the patronizing attitude of "You know, I've seen so much and so many people and I feel so sorry for them because we just have so much more than they do." What have we seen compared to what we haven't seen? We are a herd of uncultured Americans



SR Art by Brian Kubarycz

who can travel largely because of our money—not necessarily because we are ready or deserving. There's nothing wrong with expressing our beliefs or feelings—it's fascinating to talk about what and why people believe; but if we safely cling to those who only tell us what we want to hear, and live in fear or scorn of all the "others," how can we hope to grow?

BYU offers travel/study programs that potentially challenge students to change and grow—to experience humanity, to live and move and learn in a less homogenous, perhaps more real world than Provo. And many in our group did grasp this opportunity hungrily. It's not that you give up your values or beliefs—it isn't necessary that BYU students shed their standards and become Marxist hash dealers in Soho to have a meaningful experience abroad—you just see your ideas differently, and see different ones more justly. But students can also have a chance to reaffirm their preconceptions of reality—to see their limited American vision as 20/20, to waste their time, money, and minds.

All things considered, I never suffered from serious breathing problems this past semester. Those "damned Mormons" made my experience amusing, interesting, and, well, "special" is the word that comes to mind. Throw forty-five students in a limited space for six solid months of studying, travelling, eating, playing, praying, and living together and something special does happen. One day I caught myself humming that catchy tune, "We Thank Thee O God For A Prophet." I spent hours trying to explain the concept of the Trinity to someone who'd lived in St. George all her life. I've witnessed Mormon survival sans jello; And I even began to learn knitting skills...

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# Things I Don't Know

by Elden C. Nelson

I had a startling introspective moment yesterday. You know the kind—you're sitting there, watching a familiar M\*A\*S\*H rerun, and all of a sudden, the meaning of life comes into near focus for a quarter-second and then vanishes, leaving you to try to figure out just what the devil happened (by the way, in Finnish, "devil" is the nastiest swear word there is—so when I say "what the devil," I'm pretty darn vehement). Here's how it happened: I was making TV brand Macaroni and Cheese with Baco-bits and a boiled egg. We only have one pan in our apartment, so I boil the noodles, the egg, and even the Baco-bits at the same time. After boiling this delicacy and draining the water, I noticed that my now-boiled egg was impossible to peel. This was not the first time this phenomenon had happened. But for the first time, I was thrown onto an introspective sofa and I asked myself, Why? Why are eggs sometimes easy to peel, and sometimes impossible? I asked all of my roommates, but they didn't have any useful answers. I called BYU Information, but they just hung up on me. My philosophy teacher didn't have much to say on the subject either. Swell. I live at a massive institution of learning, but nobody has any practical information. In the spirit of correcting this problem, I have set out to solve some of these philosophical blockbusters.

An egg white sticking to its shell is actually only symptomatic of a deeper problem. Had the egg I boiled yesterday (rest its soul) been allowed to mature, the resultant chick would have shown significant strain when it was eventually forced to leave home and go to college. These uncooperative eggs

are the chicken equivalent of firstborn children, who adhere to the maternal figure far beyond reasonable limits. This trait is encoded into the egg's cytoplasm—when put under stress (boiling), the egg grabs hold on to whatever it can find.

Another tough question, or series of questions, is, did anybody ever actually like the BeeGees? I, personally, was too young at the time to really care, but when I talk to people who were teenagers at the climax of the Gibb's career, none of them admit to being a part of the disco craze. If my older friends are all telling the truth, who bought billions of the BeeGees' albums? A related question is: Did anybody ever actually like

*Did anyone ever really like Michael Jackson? Nobody I know will admit to it, especially me. Although I have to admit to being part of the force behind the mammoth "Jackson burnout."*

Michael Jackson? Nobody I know will admit to it, especially me (although, as a DJ in a Colorado radio station, I have to admit to being part of the force behind the mammoth "Jackson Burnout" that happened in 1984). My proposed answer to this question is this: Michael Jackson bought 5 million copies of the BeeGees' albums, and vice versa. After creating this artificial popularity, they were free to make millions by touring the country and doing Pepsi commercials.

Here's a question that's especially relevant to BYU pedestrians: Why does the "walk" light last only half as long as it takes

to cross the street? The conventional response to this question is "so that only those who were actually waiting for the light to change will be able to cross the street." But that doesn't fool me. It's actually a covert military conditioning device, used to train civilians to make snap decisions under high-pressure situations. A person who has been conditioned, since childhood, to thrust himself into a life-or-death situation ("will the light turn and a GMC run me down before I get across the street?") at the prompt of a visual stimulus, will make an outstanding soldier on the front line.

Here's one that I can't answer: Why does BYU buy mammoth, expensive wind-

making machines to blow harmless leaves off trees, but leaves the snow where it is? I do have a solution to the problem, though: fire the grounds crew, chop down all the trees, lay pavement over all the grass, and put a transparent plastic dome over campus. This would mean no more big, expensive machines to blow leaves out of trees, no more icy sidewalks, no more planting and replanting grass and flowers, no more nasty air coming from Geneva (we could have our air piped in from Montana), and best of all, no more stupid editorials in the *Daily Universe* about how angry it makes some fringe lunatics to see other people walk on grass.

One more profound question: I have had an article in the "Campus Life" Section of *Student Review* every week for ten weeks for no pay whatsoever. Why? Just waiting for them to give me an italicized blurb at the end of one of my articles, I guess. And maybe spell my name right.

Sorry Eldon.

## Eavesdroppings...

Hey all you out there. You're starting to let your gaurd drop this semester. Don't think I'm going to go away—I'm your worst nightmare. There you are sitting all nice and cozy in Anthropology 205. You lean back to tell your friend about last night's date, and the next thing you know your conversation is in print for all to read. What a beautiful concept: mass hysteria complimented by paranoia. Here's wht the eavesdropper heard this week:

SWKT 7<sup>th</sup> floor January 13, 1988, 4:17 pm.

Political Science 200: "Well, the only reason I took the class was because I thought it was a political science class . . . or something, you know?"

Apartment complex south of campus, January 11, 1988, 2:42 pm.

Chick #1: "I couldn't beleive you guys last night! I mean you were like, in my room, and every time I'd come in you'd both just sit there really quiet and look at me like you wanted me to get out of there."

Chick #2: "Oh, I thought maybe you'd feel that way."

Bookstore 2<sup>nd</sup> floor January 13, 1988, 11:22 am.

First F-dude: "Yeah, this afternoon I have to go up to Salt Lake and get a dip-stick for my Chevette."

Second F-dude: "Oh, wow."

JKHB January 14, 1988, 2:07 pm.

Concerned student: "Did you see that guy with the bandages on his head? He just had two tumors removed this morning."

Amazed Friend: "Hey he's up and around pretty fast."

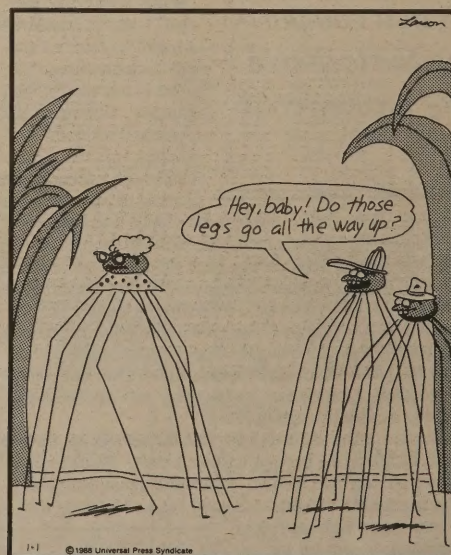
Concerned student: "I wonder if there's anywhere in Provo you can get voodoo done."

Amazed friend: "I don't know, but I've heard you can get acupuncture."

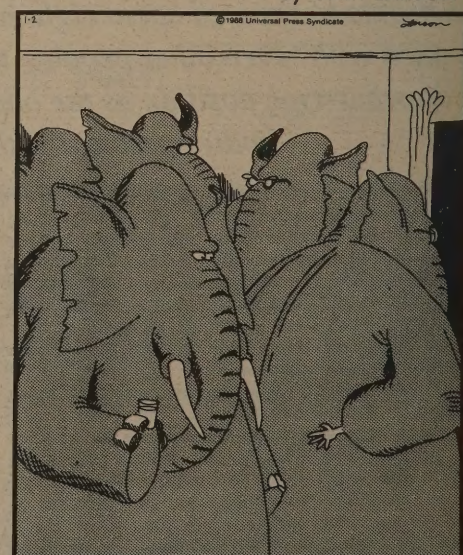
## THE FAR SIDE



Scientific meat markets



Daddy long-leg jerks



Although Edgar discreetly tried to hide his ailment, his friends still noticed his humaniasis.

By GARY LARSON



## CAMPUS LIFE

# Bulk Food Bin Review

by K. Voss, Brian Fogg and  
Willa Murphy

Students are perpetually interested in food acquisition. College makes our minds keen, analytical. We went to the stores so that we, as well as yourselves, could be "in the know" about bulk food bins. A myriad of little tubs awaited us. We were drawn to the bins—a bacchanalian delight. There we were compelled to scoop; with scooping came a surge of shackle-breaking exhilaration. We smiled and nodded at the other scoopers. We love the bins.

Still, they are mysterious.

For example, we were concerned about safety. How do you keep a public, party bin safe for all the consumers? Bin food acquisition involves—it seems to us—many opportunities for unsanitary conditions. People often use their hands—hands that might have been strange places before they met with the bins. The Bin Supervisors informed us that the Utah Health Codes require the scoop handles to be kept apart from the food, and the use of hands, regardless of the potential for tactile delight, is strongly discouraged. Nevertheless, children fondling the contents of the bins and then, after a stern glance from Mom, promptly putting them back, was a common sight. Many adults had no compunctions about picking things up, oggling them, and then returning them to the bin. Such is not the behavior of those of taste and good breeding.

And the hazards don't end there. "Jeff," the Food 4 Less binman, related tales of young children who, while jumping and rumpussing on top of the bins, fell through broken lids into pools of corn meal and drink crystals. He reported no serious injuries, but the potentials are frightening—falling into a bin of raw spaghetti could result in abra-

sions from that pasta's sharp edges.

Our next concern was about sampling. A man at Food 4 Less was enchanted with the Cowboy Mix and consumed it zealously. Another man dug his fingers into bin #815 and came up with a handful of Peko Flakes as his wife burrowed into the almond clusters. A sticky child dipped into the candy corn barrel. This made us uneasy. We asked the Food 4 Less Bin Supervisor about such barbaric behavior. His response was terse: "Those caught sampling can be prosecuted as shoplifters. We have to discourage grazing." Justice will be served. Indeed, positioned directly above the Food 4 Less bins was a sign reading, "Sampling is Shoplifting." Suddenly, the plenitude of the bins cast against the uncompromising sign summoned a dissonant, unnerving foreboding. Willa shivered. We touched her shoulder gingerly to steady her. They

play with you.

Notwithstanding, the bins were never lonely. We asked why. Shopper Darla Criger spoke to us about "a pulsating compulsion to sample." Others expressed appreciation of the array of foodstuffs. Shopper Stacy Sorensen noted the "fun pasta." Shopper Carrie Kubarycz quipped, "I like to buy my complex carbohydrates in bulk!"

You know what happened next: analysis and interpretation. What does bin shopping indicate about America, American living, human nature and interesting deviations?

The Food 4 Less Bin Supervisor acknowledged that we're a Self-Service society and that the bins are a natural extension of this American mode.

please see Bins on page 6

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All ladies in FREE with current student I.D.  
Men \$1.00 off with current student I.D.

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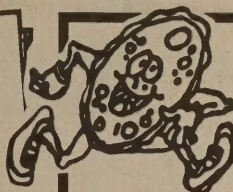
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# For Inquiring Minds...

## YOU GOTTA HAVE FAITH

In a desperate attempt to win press coverage for BYU's outstanding 11-0 start, the varsity cheerleaders revealed new half-time attire during the ESPN broadcast of the Wyoming basketball game. Dancing provocatively to George Michael's "I Want Your Sex," the bikini-clad co-eds shouted, "Rank us! Rank us!" at a startled camera crew in Cheyenne. Although the Associated Press poll was unaffected by the display, ticket sales are reportedly brisk for home games.

## "AND THE ENVELOPE PLEASE"

Sources in Hollywood predict that the epic-length tear-jerker, *Empire of the Sun*, will win more Academy Awards than all of Steven Spielberg's previous films combined because it is all of Spielberg's previous films combined. It features a wrenching familial separation theme (*The Color Purple*), a precocious bike-riding child (*E.T.*), aliens (*Close Encounters*), hat-toting macho heroes (*Raiders of the Lost Ark*), a WWII setting (*1941*), disgusting food (*Temple of Doom*), and corpses strewn everywhere (*Polltergeist*). The only missing ingredient is Michael J. Fox being eaten by a shark.

## EVERY MEMBER A MISSIONARY?

The president of the Arizona Phoenix Mission recently an-

nounced a creative proselyting effort for the Elders and Sisters under his charge. Instead of emphasizing discussions and baptisms, missionaries serving in the Grand Canyon state will distribute "Dump Governor Mechem" tracts door-to-door while gathering signatures for the Mechem recall petition. Said President Dunkem, "That idiot has done more harm for the cause than Sonia Johnson and Mark Hoffman combined. Our baptism numbers may drop initially, but at least all our self-referrals won't be Klan members."

## BACK TO THE FUTURE, BYU STYLE

The BYU physics department, working closely with the administration, recently made the long dreamed-of concept of time travel a reality. Vice President John Stohlton was quoted as saying, "We really stumbled upon this thing quite accidentally while grappling with ways to help our students have a full semester. Time travel is much simpler than most would have us believe—we just proclaim ourselves existing in a future time and we are miraculously transported there. On Saturday, for instance, one could travel ahead to Monday; on Tuesday, one could easily travel back to Monday." Angered and confused students' attempts at protesting were foiled today when the administration announced this day's nonexistence. mg/kk

# TOP 20

1. Black Awareness Week
2. President Holland's Devotional
3. United States Film Festival
4. Good hygiene
5. Real Saturdays
6. Jeff Chatman
7. Brian Taylor
8. Mike Smith
9. Mikhail Gorbachev
10. Hot drinks
11. Ragg socks
12. Lands' End's Guarantee
13. Winter trips to Hawaii
14. Willa's return
15. Anything Van Gogh
16. All-you-can-eat buffets
17. Panda Cafe
18. French 102 with Mary Holland
19. Ireland
20. Warm clothes from the dryer

# BOTTOM 10

Engaged roommates, plaque and tartar, 7 am classes, particle board, debts, premeds, Cap'n Crunch palate, flickering fluorescent lights, Universe Opinions, Farmer Jack commercials.

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## Bins from page 5

The Macey's Bin Supervisor clarified this for us. The bins are a medium of self-expression. If we Americans are anything, we're individualists. Think on how many times you've been socially frustrated at having to buy 5 lbs. of this or 18 ozs. of that: the bins are the answer. Bins allow you not only to select what you want to buy, but to assign the quantity of that item as well. The Granny's Pantry Binmaster disclosed his belief that bins are the sign of a shopping revolution in America: "Everyone's trying to try something new and have a go of it."

Some feel that bin shopping is a return to the open market. We mused about further regressions—to the barter system, for example.

Or the bins could represent something deeper, more archetypal. Scooping is an action highly akin to the activities of our hunter-gatherer ancestors. There is a deep-seated human need to scoop. Not merely therapeutic, scooping satiates our primitive impulses as well. "Steve," the Macey's bin attendant, expressed the anthropological foundations of bulk food eloquently—"To me, this is totally natural."

Obviously the bins are more than cute, rotund dispensers. They are the manifestation of some of our most enduring questions. We knew at the end of our survey that we were far from finished—it will probably take the rest of our natural lives to understand the implications of bin shopping. Our souls may be tired, but onward we quest.

## BINNING RULES

1. No mixing
2. Use scoops
3. No hands in bins
4. Replace scoop on scoop rack
5. Write bin number on tag
6. No jumping on bins
7. No sampling



## BYU FOLKLORE: The Carillon Catwalk

*Brent Spokes, a first-time contributor, recounts another episode in the continuing cornucopia of folklore at Provo's campus--another instance of wholesome rebellion*

My Dad, a BYU graduate, once told me about the time a small group of students once caught and etherized a cat, then gained entrance to the bell tower. Placing the sleeping cat on the carillon keyboard and containing the feline in that space with all manners of ropes, they switched the bell power on and sealed the door shut

before escaping. Soon the creature arose from her induced state and began prancing about the keys as she attempted to gain freedom. Panicked by her constricted condition and frightened by the ringing and tinkling of the overhead bells, her paw-stepping became more intense, and was translated into musical madness that echoed throughout this Valley of Happiness. Saving the day, BYU Security broke down the door, seized the cat, and wrestled it to the ground. Some say, however, that this same cat has been performing regularly ever since.



SR Art by Brian Kubarycz.

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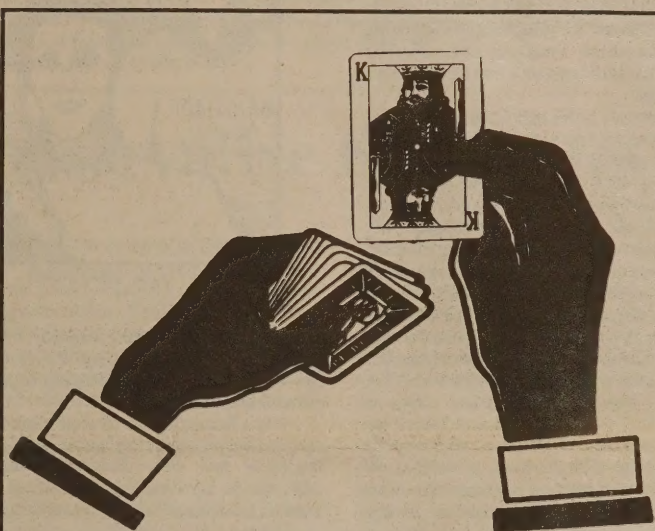


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Friday, Jan 22, 12 Noon

Rally for Life  
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Friday, Jan 22, 7:30 p.m.

Right to Life Legislation  
Spkr: Dr. Lynn Wardle, B.Y.U.  
National Profile Attorney  
Campus Plaza Lounge  
669 E. 800 N., Provo  
Thursday, Feb 4, 7:30 p.m.



# EDITORIAL PAGE

## Some of My Best Friends Are . . .

by Dan Nielson

*Editor's note: Black Awareness week began yesterday and will feature several interesting and entertaining events and lectures (see calendar for details). You will do yourself a great disservice if you missed Mayor Andrew Young of Atlanta who will speak Thursday night at 8:00 in the Memorial Lounge. He is one of our nation's foremost and most enlightened politicians.*

Black Awareness Week last year was accompanied by the feeble jokes of my roommate. "What do we need a Black Awareness Week for? I'm 'aware' of a black when I see one," he quipped, appreciating his own cleverness. I was only amused by the many levels of ignorance that his statement revealed.

Contrary to his belief, my witty roommate was not aware, truly aware, of a black person when he saw one. He could not comprehend—and neither do most of us—our own horrifying history where black people were bought, sold, and bred as chattel. My roommate could not even begin to grasp the significance of the following century where blacks were relegated to sub-human status. He had forgotten that it is only in our lifetime that black people have been accorded full legal rights in this nation. He ignored the fact that battles are still being fought over other, equally important, cultural and economic rights that blacks are yet denied. Indeed my roommate, myself, and most of us are far from aware of blacks when we see them.

To me, awareness extends well beyond acknowledgement of physical fact. Aware-

ness requires understanding, empathy, interaction, and active searching for further knowledge. We must energetically expand our awareness on all levels.

While discussing the issue of black liberation last year with my father, a highly intelligent and well-informed university professor, he asked me if I was aware of Dr. Martin Luther King's strong communist ties

and open sexual depravity. As we discussed this, my father acknowledged that his perception of Dr. King might well have been skewed by extensive misinformation and racist propaganda disbursed by former FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover and others.

I am dismayed to note that distorted notions of both King and the civil rights movement abound in our beloved Zion. We

too easily buy into deceptive lies because they fit so snugly into our racist heritage and worldview. We must eliminate our patterns of prejudice. Then, we might also come to the realization that, as Rev. Ralph Abernathy told us last year, in many ways Dr. Martin Luther King was the savior of this nation.

Our bigoted biases surface often. In my view, one of the most vulgar phrases in the English language is "I'm not prejudiced, but . . ." In the first place it is patently false; all of us are indeed prejudiced. We cannot escape the myriad social stimuli that have shaped our perceptions. These stimuli are firmly ground in centuries of racism and are reinforced by prevailing myth surrounding black society. These attitudes can only be removed by conscious and constant effort. That is what awareness entails.

The phrase "I'm not prejudiced" merely presages a very bigoted barrage and is often accompanied by other disclaimers like "hey, some of my best friends are black." This attitude strangely assumes that cordiality somehow excuses ignorance, and that words can magically negate crude and latent hatred.

Similar phrases also accompany one of the most base and vile attempts at humor: racist jokes. Of course, outrage at racist jokes often elicits responses like "hey, like lighten up dude, it's only a joke." A joke to some, maybe, but such beliefs impose enormous attitudinal barriers for those who seek to positively change society. I find little that is funny in suffering which I have partially caused and which our nation's blacks experi-

please see **Awareness** on page 10



SR Art by Julie Stonebraker

## Schizophrenic Weekdays

by Steve Clarke

Dr. Eliot Butler, Associate Academic Vice President, in an attempt to stop the slide toward shorter terms, added two days to the Winter Term. As we all know, these days were a Saturday and a Tuesday, masquerading as Mondays. His stated objective of lengthening the term and supplying an equal number of each weekday has apparently been accomplished. Unfortunately, this plan did not really solve the problem; it created more problems.

The first problem created by Dr. Butler's solution is that it was not consistently followed throughout the University. Many professors did not hold class on the Saturday/Monday. Most of them had very good reasons. Some are part-time professors and have Saturday jobs. The same problem was true of the Tuesday/Monday, but admittedly, not to the extent it was on the Saturday/Monday.

The second problem is that it was unfair to many students. Many students have to work on the weekends to pay for school. Despite the fact that it may have been Monday on campus, the rest of the world thought it was Saturday (and they were right). These students had to either "sluff" class or not go to work.

Third, the policy was applied unequally to various departments of the University. The Traffic Office was the worst offender in this respect. They gave out tickets as if it were Monday, but closed the office and took the weekend off as if it were Saturday. Other departments were also caught in a schizophrenic day—split, acting like it was Saturday some of the time and Monday the rest.

Last, the plan eradicated two days of the week. The loss of a Saturday meant the loss of a day to work, either on homework or at a job. Most teachers assigned homework as if it were not a special case, leaving students short on

time to do those assignments. This is especially true of MWF classes. These classes ended up meeting two days in a row twice. For many of these classes, one night is simply not long enough to complete the homework. This caused unpreparedness or rushed, sloppy work.

These problems may have been acceptable trade-offs had Dr. Butler's plan really worked, but it simply did not accomplish its goal. The plan did allow for the same number of weekdays, but that is not the problem. The problem is that certain classes need certain days in a certain order to complete their curricula, especially most science lab classes. But shuffling the days does not accomplish that; it actually makes things worse. For example, Chemistry 226 has a 3 hour lab on Tuesdays. This week, we lost that 3 hour lab. That meant that there was a week between labs. This was too long to stretch out a lab, and the Thursday lab time was partially wasted. I say partially because many of us used the time to finish up the lab that was messed up by the Saturday/Monday fiasco the week before.

Other classes were also in trouble because of the shuffle. Tuesday night seminar classes that only meet once a week did not meet for two weeks. In most classes, especially language classes, it is hard enough to maintain a train of thought over a week break, let alone a two week gap. Also, any TTh class will end up only meeting once this week, which destroys anything resembling class continuity.

I understand the problem Dr. Butler was trying to solve. My experience with my chemistry lab convinced me the problem does exist. But, I strongly disagree with Dr. Butler's attempt to solve it. Clearly, the key is not just the day of the class, but its placement in the week. Just because we had a scheduled Monday, and the Tuesday it replaced will be caught up before finals, does not mean that all

*Editor's Note:*

*Hey! Got a chip on your shoulder? Feeling prolific? Ever feel like you have something important to say, but nowhere to say it? Write a short letter to the Editor, and we'll probably print it. In the immortal words of Doug Llewellyn "The next time you have a dispute, don't take the law into your own hands; write a letter to the editor."*

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classes got equal time. Quality is just as important as quantity. The shuffled days did not allow professors to teach all that they needed to during the year. I thank Dr. Butler for recognizing the problem and trying to solve it, but urge him to try to find a better solution for next semester.



Rob Eaton

## Conversion of a Conservative

Recently I read an article in the *Deseret News* that was so good I clipped it—something I rarely do. But I wanted to have it on file because I knew that otherwise no one would believe me when I told the story.

The story is about Ervin M. Skousen's ideological evolution during his seven years as a state representative from Salt Lake City. When Skousen first came to the legislature he had, like many of my conservative friends, a distinctly negative view of welfare recipients. "For many years I had an image of the person on welfare as a free-loader. Not in every case, but generally. Some, I knew, were honorable, but most I saw as third- or fourth-generation free-loaders who had adopted [public assistance] as a way of life."

With time, however, his views changed. "Then I began visiting day-care centers, rest homes, hospitals, prisons, the Utah State Training School. And finding out about the real problems changed me. I met people who really do need a helping hand in a time of crisis. Then there are people with chronic problems, like the mentally retarded, who can be helped to be self-supporting or at least work in

a protected environment. And I found out that the moment you give a person the ability to develop to his potential, he begins to feel so proud, so worthwhile, so good. That is something society needs to be more conscious of."

Such comments from a formerly conservative Republi-

*"In social issues I've found  
you almost have to move from a  
conservative to a more rational  
human-needs viewpoint."*

—Ervin Skousen

can legislator represent an open-mindedness that more politicians, both liberal and conservative, should emulate. Representative Skousen has not been afraid of stepping out from behind the comfortable security that slogans provide to take a

look at reality. Part of what he discovered didn't surprise him, and he still feels that government shouldn't "satisfy all the needs of the people." But he also found a lot of things he didn't expect to find, and he changed his political philosophy accordingly. "In social issues," says Skousen, "I've found you almost have to move from a conservative to a more rational human-needs viewpoint. . . . We must help people sustain themselves to the extent they are able."

Representative Skousen's changing perceptions are courageous and admirable. It is not easy for politicians—especially those who are particularly liberal or conservative—to back off from views held for a lifetime. By acknowledging the needs of the less fortunate in our society as a conservative lawmaker, he does something Randy Horiuchi and Wayne Owens couldn't have done in a century: he legitimizes the role of government in helping "people sustain themselves to the extent they are able."

And what more credible conservative source could you get such a conversion story from, other than Ervin's brother himself—Cleon Skousen?

## Humanitarianism and Conservative Economics

by Mason Barlow

Our national mindset remains chained to the belief that primary responsibility for the social welfare rests with the federal government. This dislinkage from direct obligation allows us to ignore the many serious problems or simply just blame bureaucratic inefficiency for failing to improve the lives of our poverty stricken neighbors. Under the current system, millions are permitted to claim "I've paid my taxes, thus I've fulfilled my obligation to the welfare of my fellow man." The inefficient and impersonal administration of many government services manifests itself in billions lost to tax cheating by people who see their money doing little good at actually solving problems. Bureaucratic

dollars often thrown at the symptoms of poverty seldom address the causes themselves. Consequently, we observe the media's portrayal of poverty-stricken conditions only to feel sorry, but rarely do we feel moved to do anything about the problems, accepting the status quo as our destiny.

A serious challenge to this attitude requires electing leaders who will change the framework of debate over social welfare in America. We must spur economic growth in all areas of society by drastically slashing tax rates that act on the economy as gravity does on a rocket trying to escape the atmosphere. Established businesses will find expansion to be financially appealing, thus creating new jobs. Creating economic hot spots, government could extend special tax cuts to compa-

nies that invest in the poor inner cities and rural areas plagued by unemployment, ending the poverty cycle for countless families and communities. New businesses will survive the first few years a little easier having the resources to modernize and develop. Individuals will further stimulate the economy having more money to spend and invest. New jobs and development will transfer a remarkable number from the public payrolls to self-sufficiency.

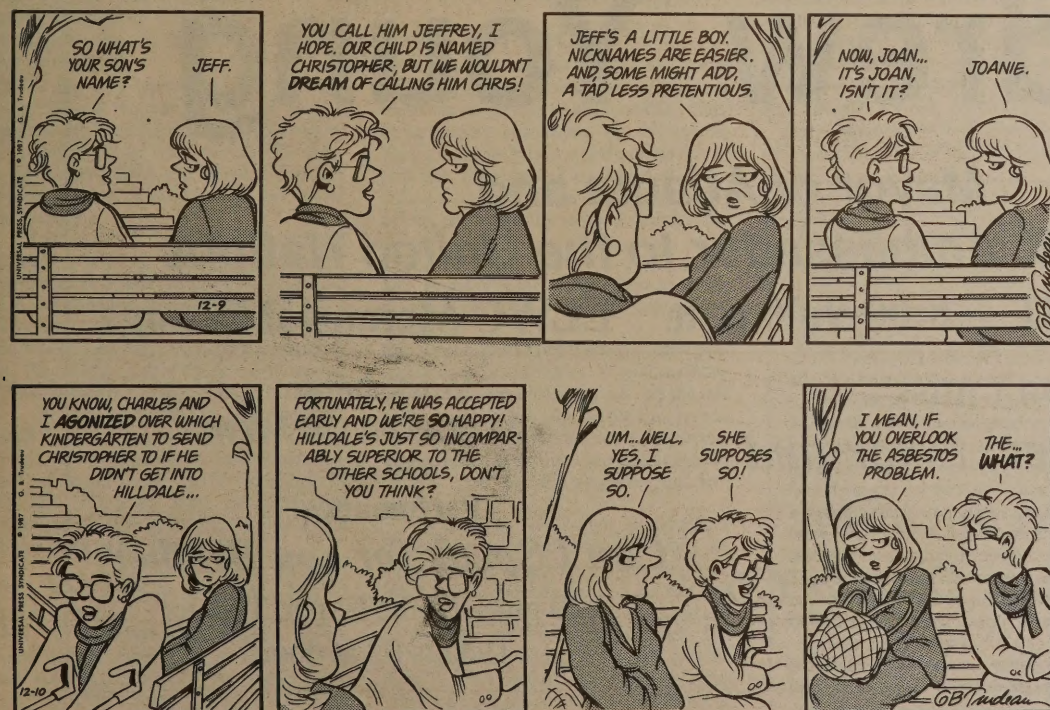
Inevitably many will fall through the cracks, finding the even maximum economic opportunity insufficient to lift them on their feet. Those are the people we must concentrate our primary efforts towards. Contrasting with the welfare programs of the past, private sector initiatives have succeeded

where the government has failed. Rather than divide people into classes by walls of misconception and bitterness, volunteerism brings people together. Communities might join together for renovation projects. Volunteers might donate food and time at soup kitchens and shelters, join big brother programs that build esteem and provide role models for fatherless youth, and participate in groups that befriend and look after the elderly. These types of programs address the human aspects of the problem, not just the logistics, and are certainly more appealing than a day care center, nursing home, or an application line for food stamps.

Over the holiday the Washington Post ran a front page story about a local developer who handed out \$15,000 in clothes and blankets to the D.C. homeless. Periodically the news runs stories about wealthy men who adopt a certain high school class and promise to support through college the students who stay in school and graduate. The humanitarian spirit lives not only in those with a few extra dollars, but also within each one of us. By nature we feel good when we give and can see the results. No longer can the elitism of the Yuppie Generation be justified, understanding that duty and service are solely what legitimizes an elite class. Our generation must shift the debate and vote leaders into office who will move the country's awareness toward a new humanitarianism coupled with conservative economic policies. John F. Kennedy succeeded in arousing the giving spirit in America with the Peace Corps, showing the potency of humanitarian ideas on the national mindset.

As with all lofty ideas, the bottom line asks "how?" How do we transfer the welfare burden from the public to the private sector, cut taxes to spur economic growth, and raise the national conscience without hurting the innocent in the transition? Perhaps with a national mandate Congress could legislate into existence community level working groups that would evaluate possible solutions and organize means to achieve this goal. The glass might be half full for many of us, but far too many still see it and will always see it as half empty until we as a people answer that question "how?". No doubt it will be difficult, but it never hurt anyone to ask.

### Doonesbury





# Communism in the Bookstore

by Mike Bothwell

I have asked many of my free market advocate friends what is so great about America's free market and what is wrong with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republic's communist economy. A common response is that anything you want is available in America—in our open market supply and demand stabilize prices at an equitable level for all. In the USSR, my friends say, prices are outrageous and supply is incredibly limited. This leads to extremely long lines for basic consumer goods. The lines and the prices decrease the availability of goods for the general populace and only a few actually profit. Finally, my friends suggest that most people in the USSR don't know and don't care where the profit goes.

In my last semester here I would like to be able to say that the flag of economic liberty waves everywhere over BYU. But I'm afraid there are monopolies here very like those in the USSR. Specifically, I am talking about the monopoly held by the BYU Bookstore. No free market flag here.

The other day I went in to buy my books. Not including the more expensive books, I paid seventy dollars. Most of my friends spend from one to two hundred dollars on books each semester. My books will eventually cost over two hundred dollars, which is, barring a scholarship, one-fourth of my tuition. Textbooks count for a large chunk of the cost of college.

I had planned for an hour in line, but I was late to my class because of the extremely long lines. Also, they didn't have one-third of



SR Art by Julie Stonebraker

the books I needed. The long lines and book shortages are no surprise to BYU students who know that no matter what a professor orders, the bookstore cuts the order by ten to fifteen percent. The problem comes when the class fills up and students are left paying full price for a new book they won't get until the end of the first month—even without "unforeseen complications."

The buy-back is the most difficult of all to swallow. The lines are enormous and the buy-back rate is ridiculous! Not having touched several of my books one semester, I was repaid only ten percent. They not only have a monopoly, but they buy back books just before everyone goes home. After waiting two eternities in line, people are so worried about missing their plane that they rarely

notice the wholesale rip-off.

As for high prices, that just goes with the territory of a guaranteed monopoly. There is actually a rule at BYU that nothing can be sold on campus that resembles something sold in the bookstore unless the bookstore gives permission. Several clubs have thought to sell sweatshirts and T-shirts, but administrators made the sale as difficult as possible in order to protect the bookstore monopoly.

The stone wall against freedom of information at BYU has caused many to give up. Several of my friends have tried to find out what makes the bookstore tick and exactly where the profits go. Do they go to the university? To ASBYU? Do they go to the Debate and Men's Volleyball teams, or do they go to a handful of bookstore administrators? Though many have queried, I know of no one who has been able to raise any answers from behind the iron curtain of bookstore bureaucracy.

Perhaps the *Student Review* can find out why the bookstore has such a hold on the market and where the profits go. I would also like to know what the prospects are of getting some real competition to the bookstore. I support competition and free markets except when they go awry, as with this gluttonous monopoly. Let's patriotically champion the American way and force the bookstore to allow some real competition. Several other campuses have other bookstores just off campus and we should too. Even though the issue doesn't affect me much anymore, I think that people should see the situation for what it is. And I hope it disgusts them.

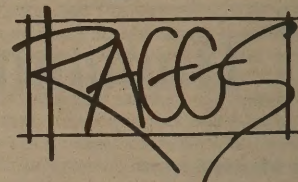
## Awareness

from page 8

ence. Racial slurs are obviously neither mature nor are they even humorous. There is simply no room in the truly educated mind for that which debases and dehumanizes. And, I cannot help but think that our perspectives will be broadened when we all "go forth to serve" in a world which finds truth in anti-Mormon ideas and regards Mormon jokes as gut-splittingly funny.

Our penchant for racial ignorance and our amusement by racist humor underscore our immense need for enlightenment. We cannot remain ignorant of such an important matter in a world which punishes the uniformed. We must expand our understanding of issues which we cannot and should not escape. Our condition demands awareness.

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# ARTS & LEISURE

## An SR Interview with Ezra Stone

by Michelle Larsen

Uniforms and Outrun the Night, both BYU Theatre productions last semester, have been nominated for the David Library of the American Revolution Award for Playwriting on Freedom or Americana in conjunction with the Twentieth Anniversary American College Theatre Festival. Ezra Stone, President and Director of the David Library and National Chairman of the Award, granted the following interview while visiting BYU to adjudicate the two plays for the award.

**SR:** What is the process of applying for this award?

**Ezra Stone:** Twelve weeks before the first public performance, I should be sent a working manuscript of the play, a copy of the American College Theatre Festival application, and a short statement from the playwright as to his intent in the work and why he feels it should be eligible to compete in the David Library Award Competition. Our award started with a very narrow focus, and it has grown...This is the first year we have broadened the criteria to include plays that deal with some aspect of freedom, not just American freedom, and/or "Americana".

**SR:** In the past fourteen years, what plays or themes have been most memorable for you?

**ES:** There has been a tremendous variety just in the seven plays we are adjudicating this year. None of them are perfect. They are all flawed to some degree, some more than others. Some have confused muddy plot lines, poorly defined characters, or cookie stamp characters where every character talks like the playwright. But there have been many that have been fascinating, and humorous, too.

**SR:** For this competition, what makes a play good? What are you looking for when you come here to see these plays?

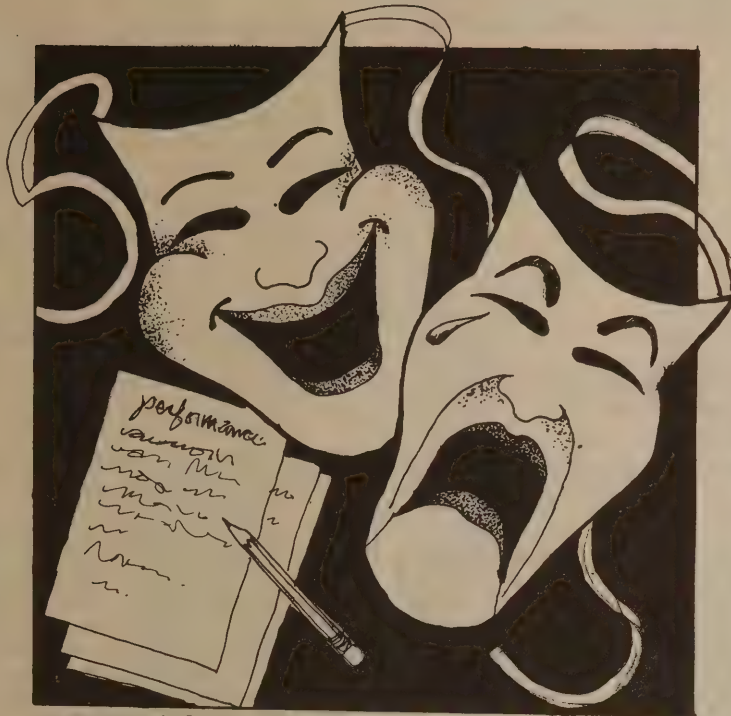
**ES:** I am really looking more at the playwright than at the play because the work is just one step in the lifetime of the playwright. I am looking to see if the playwright is obviously conscientious and shows a personal sensitivity and awareness of the world around him.

I ask myself if the playwright's intent is to make a statement of some kind that will illuminate or benefit humanity. I am looking for an inherent modesty of person but yet a firmness of resolve as to what they want to accomplish and how they want to accomplish it. Playwrights should not be wishy-washy, blowing with the wind at every criticism.

Finally, a command of language is essential. You may not find all of that in the work. Many of those facets are in the personality of the playwright, but not necessarily in the play. This is one of the reasons we shun reading the play in a closet and not being able to get to know the playwright.

**SR:** What would be your best advice to playwrights?

**ES:** Have the best agent possible. Every artist is not his own best businessman. There are some agents that are invaluable to the success of their clients, not just in marketing their work, but in guiding their work (giving



SR Art by Suzi Gest

confidence, getting them through personal crises, getting them to work). It's a lonely, lonely existence, the writing game, and it's energy draining. They sit down at a typewriter and there's a ream of blank pages.

The other thing I would advise is to sharpen

*"I regard the audience as the cowards. It's us up there [on stage] that are the heroes."*

sensitivity and powers of observation. It is important to be true to basic beliefs, while being flexible in what and how they create. They should not bend too easily or quickly to criticism. It is very easy to criticize. It is very difficult to create. I would also recommend a deep, encompassing study of dramatic literature.

**SR:** In many respects this seems to be the high-tech VCR age. What is the future of live theater?

**ES:** Ours is probably the second oldest profession in recorded history. We, the performing artist and the creative artists, are the odd ones of any society. The people who love us most wish that we had not been so afflicted, that we would have found normal things to do on this earth, like the neighbors that live around us.

We have endured—there are records of us before even recorded history. There are evidences that we existed in every kingdom, tribal unit, and family unit, by the fact that one or so of us was able to pick up a stone and on the walls of the cave draw pictures. We have endured all kinds of oppression over the ages. We have been accused of being heretics when we were the communicating factor of basic religion at the time. We were slaugh-

tered. We were starved for lack of substantial support from patrons. We have seen thirteen or fourteen years of horror in China with the cultural revolution and we are still here.

I don't think that the fact that there is no vaudeville, no more showboats, no more children's theatre touring nationally and internationally, the fact that I can go to the desk in a hotel and rent a cassette and see *Gone with the Wind*, I don't think that is going to axiomatically spell the final and complete extinction of the performing artist. Sure, it is only a hope. No one wants to be part of an endangered species or craft. We have seen a whole craft or art disappear, yet they somehow reappear in a little different form.

I also think that part of the historic pattern of the audiences is a vital phase to our craft.

I regard the audience as the cowards. It's us up there [on stage] that are the heroes, not just the oddballs because we get up there and risk our necks. Suppose we don't hit the top note at the end of the aria, we crank on it or go flat; suppose we don't land our points, but on our butts; or we crack those jokes and they lay an egg.

The audience comes together, huddles together, usually in a dark place, very often pays for the privilege, to watch us, like the Romans would come to see the Christians with the lions and the gladiators, or now to go to boxing matches to see if one person can pound another person to death.

There is always going to be, by past history record, that phenomenon of an audience wanting to see it happen right in front of them, not through a technological channel. It will be cyclical; there will be troughs and peaks in who the audience is. Some years it will be very fashionable; it's how one shows themselves, their jewelry, their clothes to the world.

There was a time when theater was the news source. It was the place to meet and recount the moments of the day, to be aware of the political intrigue. It served the times and the commentary on such political intrigue. It served many functions. I really don't think living, breathing theater is ever going to have the fate of the dinosaurs.

**SR:** What is the purpose of theater?

**ES:** Theater is selectivity of life. It is being able to take a set of situations, facts and characters, and by proper arrangement and skill, tell a story. In the very simplest of terms, that is what we are: we are storytellers. Whether the stories have relevance to heavy, dramatic, traumatic conflicts of human relations or the possibility of horrible things happening to human beings, or commentaries on the absurdity of the human condition, or have great wit and humor, or if they are just baggy pants, off the wall slapstick activity of human beings: all of these voices are designed to tell a story to an audience that is not capable of inventing their own story. That is the way they become informed or entertained, relaxed or diverted from their own condition, and their social involvement.

## Grandpa's Books Hits Provo Again

by Rebecca Malphus

It's not a warm or cozy store—actually, it's freezing and dusty. Despite its lack of wallpaper and warmth, Grandpa's Bookstore carries books ranging in subjects from Medieval literature to the art of back massaging. According to its owner Ernest Strack, the bookstore houses "all languages, including Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and all Romance languages." Books are organized by subject and Mr. Strack knows just where to locate the book you need. If he doesn't have the book in the store, ask him for it, and he'll try to find you a copy. "The books are second hand, and sell at less than half the normal price. They come from all over," said Strack.

Grandpa's may sound familiar to you. Mr. Strack has had a bookstore in Provo for eleven years, but has moved seven times. Maybe you remember his store at Academy Square, or his store on Center Street and Second West, but now Grandpa's is on 155 North University. It is open from 10:30 to 6:00 p.m., Monday through Friday, and from 11:00 to 4:00 p.m. Saturdays.

Don't be startled if you visit Grandpa and find him not sitting in a rocking chair, or find that his hair isn't gray.

Grandpa is only thirty-six, and has black hair hanging down his back and chin. If you need a book that you can't find, try Grandpa's.



## ARTS &amp; LEISURE

## ANOTHER GREAT MOMENT IN REAL MAN LITERATURE

with Rob Bringhurst

"Mack awakened, started up, stretched, staggered to the pool, washed his face with cupped hands, hacked, spat, washed out his mouth, broke wind, tightened his belt, scratched his legs, combed his wet hair with

his fingers, drank from the jug, belched and sat down by the fire. 'By God that smells good,' he said."

--John Steinbeck

Cannery Row

(Sensitive feminist critics can replace "Mack" with "Emily," and "his" with "her.")



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# Pi Sigma Alpha

Political Science Honor Society

## WRITING CONTEST

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### Requirements

- Papers must be typed, double spaced, and at least 10 pages in length.
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**Pi Sigma Alpha Review**  
and the authors will be awarded \$25

# If You Can't Join 'em, Kill 'em

by Heidi Hemming Smith

It is a happy picture. Dad, in his velcro-clasp sneakers and favorite terry-cloth bathrobe, is comfortably ensconced on the couch with Mom. They are surrounded on all sides by engrossed family members, ranging from one to sixteen. Baby on the floor, is eating popcorn. *The woman leaves a long, red streak as she pulls herself across the linoleum. Suddenly, she sees the man with the chainsaw, a look of utter terror. It is too late! RRRRRRRR. Splatter, splatter.* A voice is heard from the recesses of the armchair. "Is that all? He didn't even torture her." "Yes, but what a beautiful make-up job," says Mother. She has

always liked special effects. "Great movie, Dad," says the nine-year old. "Thanks for letting us stay up."

A multi-million dollar industry, media violence is fun and entertaining. From wife-beating to cold-blooded murder, it gives us valid and creative ideas for communication and problem solving. Available from the book shelf to the video and T.V. screen, stimulating times can be found on book and video racks of virtually every grocery and convenience store in the country. They reach out to the connoisseur of horror: *Hags from Hell* and *Dead Meat*, pictures of puddles of red, unraveled guts, and possessed children.

Opportunities don't end here. We mustn't forget prime time television. Imagine, in the course of an evening's TV watching, the dedicated viewer might see as many as six to eight deaths, a car wreck or two (or a cliff if he is lucky), and some fantastic gun play. If there is nothing else, one can always count on a little professional boxing or football to get that old blood pumping. Some people might venture to say that this is the epitome of organized

violence. Movies are great, but sports are real: real people are throwing people around who are equally real. It's beautiful!

The other day, a friend of mine protested the effects that these diversions have on her children. "There I was at a football game, cheering the exact things I have been teaching my children *not* to do." Parents are funny that way. Many will tell you that repetitive exposure to violence causes children to be more aggressive. Nonsense. The inclination to fight is not learned. It is inherent in human nature. Did Cain need lessons on how to kill his brother?

Granted, viewing violence from an early age may speed up the process. This, however, seems an advantage. Who wants a kid who

*Who wants a kid who can't stand up for himself? It's a tough world out there.*

can't stand up for himself? It's a tough world out there. That isn't to say that I intend to immerse my children in violence from infancy.

Who knows what effect this might have on their perception of reality? Instead, I will just begin with *Road Runner* and *Bug's Bunny*, working up to *Halloween* and other classics. In this way, they will learn that violence is the ideal way to get what they want in life. After all, it is much easier to kill an opponent than to reconcile differences. Who wants someone hanging about, making life complicated? Hopefully, my children will also learn that violence can be recreational and adventuresome—thereby dispelling inclinations towards dull, unfulfilling pursuits, such as art and literature. Eventually, they will become numb to any suffering they may encounter in the world. After all, numbness is bliss—and I want my children to be happy. Last of all, it is my hope that this careful training will lead them to desire the greatest violence of all—war. That is when I will consider myself a success.

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## Party Review

## The Bingo Bash

by Will McClure

"Bingo! I've got bingo—I win the Mickey Mouse Pez dispenser, with refills!" Such were the shouts last Friday night at an obscure little party, south of campus. The party was thrown as a PR stunt mainly, to attract a crowd into our apartment and show them how superior our facilities were to the apartment next door. We had all the props that mattered: remote color TV (equipped with quik-view), computer with printer, an avant-garde wall hanging, and a generous seating policy.

The only problem was that the other apartment had pretty well established itself as the apartment to party in, watch sports in, groove to blues, and play Risk in. It got a little out of hand, though, when they started kicking people out of their seats. So, to break their stronghold, we decided to have a bingo party.

First thing to do (as is standard in all situations in Utah) was to create a flyer. Pez for all, fish stick eating contest, cash prizes, liberal slots, stale hot tamales, newly cleaned rug, cactus juice and dancing girls, dolby stereo, and BINGO!BINGO!BINGO! were some of the promises made on the flyer that we posted on campus, downtown, and in the

apartments of all our friends. It also contained warnings that no pictiary, dancing, or floozies would be allowed in the Bingo Hall.

Now that we had made such incredible promises, we had to come through or lose face for the rest of the year and live in obscurity in our apartment. Stale hot tamales are all over this

*Sometimes in the frenzy,  
it was inches away from  
total bingo anarchy.*

valley, but we had to harass store clerks in 10 different stores until we found Pez dispensers. Finally we were ready for the actual event—preened, polka music blaring, two gallons of Kool-Aid in the fridge, wearing Hawaiian shirts, and stocked with Pez ready for distribution.

The first couple rounds of bingo were sparsely attended, but once the prizes increased in value, the Bingo Hall filled up rather quickly. By 8:00 a hasty crowd of hardened bingo

mamas and papas were yelling at the Bingo Master to hurry up the number calling. Of course all that was allowable; the only rules stated for the evening were no pouting (hugging the Bingo Master was encouraged though), no dancing, the winner must actually yell "Bingo" to get her prize, all winning cards checked, and a five card limit. Our glorious Bingo Hall looked fabulous with chips and pennies scattered about, good-luck buddhas sitting in popcorn refuse, and "Toy n' Joy" prizes piled high and ignored as the prospect of winning more of them became readily apparent. Sometimes in the frenzy, it was inches away from total bingo anarchy. We had one particular specialty round where you needed to form a cross on your card to win, because several people won simultaneously. The fiercest play and the most casualties resulted from the rounds for the Holy Grail of Bingo—a Donald Duck Pez dispenser, with refills. I nearly lost an eye. I would give anything for apartment supremacy, even my sight.

Most reluctantly, 9:30 rolled around; our prizes all gone, the pound cake consumed, most of the Kool-Aid spilled, crumbs and game chips underfoot, and a feeling of exhaustion settling on the happy throng. Surveying the mess, I declared the Bingo Party a success and vainly vowed to hold these type of events more frequently. Yeah, we sure showed 'em.

Review's  
ReviewsThrow Momma  
From the Train

★★

Like a speeding express, *Throw Momma from the Train* blew into town on a full head of hype. With a provenly funny cast, promising promos, and sick title, it cleaned up on the always generous Christmas crowds.

Despite the trappings of success though, *Throw Momma from the Train*, in too many ways is the little engine that could have, but didn't. Not long on originality, *Momma* openly rips-off its plot from a Hitchcock classic and gives it a slight twist. Danny DeVito is perfect as the benign psycho, lorded over by his hideous and tyrannical momma. Billy Crystal plays a frustrated author driven to anger as he watches his ex-wife get rich and famous off the publication of a book she stole from him. DeVito offers the ideal solution to both their problems: He'll kill Crystal's wife if Billy will kill his mother.

*Momma's* comedy gets derailed somewhere between DeVito and Crystal. The shock value of the gargoyle momma wears off after a while and there's no one to pick up the slack. Billy Crystal has literally dozens of one-liners, but like an aging pitcher, his knuckleballs keep missing outside. I counted four genuine guffaws, which works out to \$1.25 per chuckle—luxury laughs for those with expensive tastes..

by Scott Siebers

## 1/4\* Mile Closer

Now you don't have to drive all the way to the Silver Spur  
for live entertainment in Provo.

Backstage Cafe is Back! We even knocked out a couple of walls to make room for you. We've been listening to what you've been telling us and we have responded.

We dropped our cover charge on Tuesdays and wednesdays and before 9 on weekends. We stepped up our service and beefed up our menu.

Your invited Backstage! Live Jazz, great comedy, and a warm atmosphere, give Provo a glimpse of a west coast sunset in the shadow of an east coast high rise.

Backstage Cafe is located in the Historic Provo Town Square above the Underground Restaurant  
35 N. University • 373-Cafe

\*Distance from the Silver Spur to Backstage Cafe.



# A Night in the City by the Bay

by Gary Challburg

Three weeks ago, some friends and I went into San Francisco to dance at *Das Klub*, a pseudo-communist, death rocker hangout we had become fond of in recent visits to the city. It always affords us opportunities to be in the world and not of it. What follows is typical of our nocturnal experiences in San Francisco.

All of San Fran's hard-core dance clubs are located in an area known as the mission district. This part of town is a conglomeration of old warehouses and is viewed by most as the poorest, lowliest, scariest part of San Francisco. At last we reached the run-down warehouse on 4th and Folsom where *Das Klub* is located. We joined a long line of people, who were all dressed in black, and waited our turn to enter. Bouncers walked up and down the line picking out those who would not be able to enter. "*Das Klub* is a fashion statement," said a bouncer to the preppie standing next to me, "you must wear black to be admitted." After a short and futile argument, the man left. I was happy I sported a black mock-turtleneck shirt and olive drab pants.

During our wait in line, a person whom we named "Tattooman," by virtue of the abundant collection of modern art on his chest and arms, began insulting everyone individually as they waited to get in. Tattooman, who also wore a flattop, was definately looking for a fight. Most people would avoid such a person, but not my friend Rob. When Tattooman reached the other end of the line Rob yelled out "Nice tattoos, dude." Laughter broke out and Tattooman stormed back in a fury, searching for the source of those fighting words. Rob hung low for the next few minutes until Tattooman finally picked a fight with three orientals. Unfortunately, the orientals proved no match for Tattooman, and after a few cuts and bruises they fled in their car—but not before Tattooman had broken two windows and dented a fender and a door with his bat.

After an ID check and \$8 admission (a bit



SR Art by Pat Barth

more costly than in Cougarville), we finally entered *Das Klub*. I think most people who are accustomed to Provo dance places would be a little surprised by a *Das Klub* encounter. It's an old warehouse that is divided into three rooms and two levels. The walls, floors and ceilings are painted black, except for a few large, red, communist stars on the walls. *Das Klub* is functional, not pretty. The music is an excellent mix of the latest techno-pop and other favorites. But the real essence of the *Das Klub* dancing atmosphere is the people who are allowed to enter. It's quite a sight to

see the black-attired mob. To many of these people, dancing is a way of life: they arrive at dance clubs around 11pm and dance until 6am, when many of the clubs close. They sleep during the day and sometimes hold a part time job in the evening.

By 3 am we had danced long enough. We bid adieu to *Das Klub* and the death rockers and congratulated ourselves on another great night in the city.

Gary is a first time contributor.

## Film Review

### Broadcast News

★★★

Holly Hunter (*Raising Arizona*), William Hurt (*Children of a Lesser God*), and Albert Brooks play three associates at a network news office in Washington, D.C. Their relationships with one another and their various views on the role of media and on ethics in journalism form the basis of this very well-written, directed, and photographed film. Though it can be read as either critical or complimentary of the business of news reporting, the film's main emphasis is on human relationships, which it portrays with great objectivity, unfolding with unexpected variations on otherwise typical themes.

*Broadcast News* absolutely refuses to give absolutes at least regarding the main characters. Although the chief anchor and editor in New York (portrayed in a surprise appearance by Jack Nicholson) is presented as a two-dimensional antagonist, the three central figures are complex and enigmatic people with whom you sympathize, but whom you also criticize. But this same objectivity is also the story's main fault: it brings up important social issues, but then refuses to say anything distinct about them.

The film is rated R for vulgarity, profanity, partial male and female nudity, and sex play. Although little actual sex is shown, there is a strong sexual tension created by the relationships between the characters, which makes the film more erotic than what the nudity and sexual suggestion alone are responsible for.

Now showing at Carillon Square at 4:15, 7, and 9:45 pm.

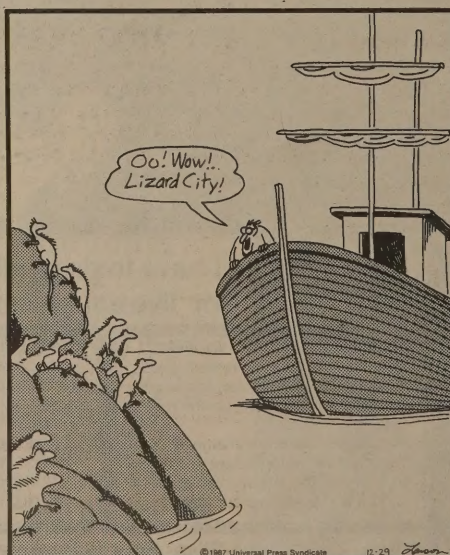
by Dave Matheson

Dave has a brother named Frank who sleeps in a wet-suit.

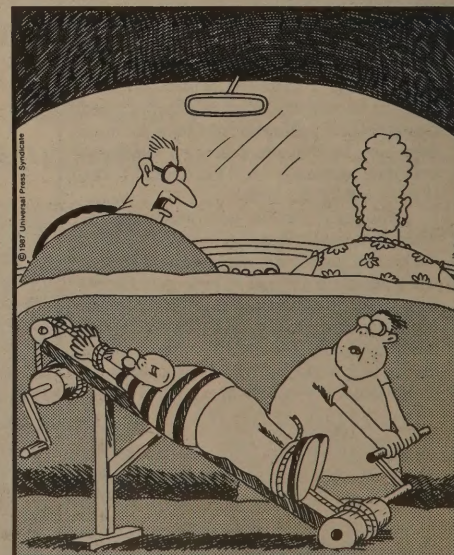
## THE FAR SIDE



Eskimo restaurants



Darwin reaches the Galapagos



"You want me to stop the car, Larry, or do you want to take your brother off the rack this instant?"

By GARY LARSON



# THE CALENDAR

Last week *Student Review* said January would not be boring. We regret the error.

## Theatre

"Comedy of Errors"

Lab Theatre, University of Utah  
Jan. 21-23, 28-30, 8:00 p.m.  
plus Jan. 24, 7:00 p.m., Jan. 29, 3:30 p.m.,  
& Jan. 30, 2:00 p.m.  
info: 581-6961

"The Foreigner" (comedy)  
Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC  
Jan. 14-16, 19-23, 25-30, 7:30 p.m.  
with matinee Jan. 25 at 4:00 p.m.  
tickets: 378-7447

"Can I Speak for You Brother?"  
Phillip Walker, actor and artistic director,  
of the African American Drama Co.  
Workshops: ELWC 321, 12:00-1:00 p.m.  
& 1:00-3:00 p.m.  
Performance: Nelke Experimental  
Theatre, HFAC, 7:00 p.m.

"West Side Story" (musical)  
Salt Lake Repertory Theatre  
Symphony Hall, Jan. 25, 7:30 p.m.  
tickets: 532-6000

Salt Lake Repertory Theatre presents:  
"West Side Story" (musical)  
Capitol Theatre, Jan. 29-30, 7:30 p.m.  
matinee Jan. 30, 2:00 p.m.  
tickets: 532-6000

"Godspell" (musical)  
directed by musical theatre program  
director Vance Fulkerson  
Kingsbury Hall, University of Utah  
Jan. 28-30, 8:00 p.m.

"Turn the Gas Back On" (musical)  
Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC  
Jan. 28-30, 7:30 p.m.  
tickets: 378-7447

"A Flea in Her Ear" (comedy)  
Pioneer Theatre, University of Utah  
Mon.-Sat. through Jan. 23, 7:30 p.m.  
tickets: 581-6961

"I Came to Your Wedding" (comedy)  
Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main St.  
SLC  
all month and through Feb. 22, 8:00 p.m.  
tickets: 484-9257

## Music

Tenor Stan Olson  
de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC  
Jan. 20, 7:30 p.m.  
tickets: 378-7444

Utah Opera: La Boheme  
Capitol Theatre  
Jan. 21, 23, 25, 27, 8:00 p.m.  
tickets: 533-6494

Utah Symphony Chamber Orchestra  
Bridge, Haydn, Barber, Suk

Symphony Hall, Jan. 23, 8:00 p.m.  
student tickets: \$3.00 533-6407

Faculty Cellist Julie Zumsteg  
Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC  
Jan. 26, 7:30 p.m. Free

PDQ Bach  
de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC  
Jan. 27-28, 7:30 p.m.  
tickets: 378-7444

Faculty Pianist Richard Anderson  
Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC  
Jan. 28, 7:30 p.m. Free

Utah Symphony Youth Concert  
"Space Voyage" Barbara Morgan,  
Teacher/Astronaut, special guest  
Symphony Hall, Jan. 30, 11:00 a.m. &  
12:30 p.m. info: 533-6407

Utah Symphony: That's Entertainment!  
Paganni, Saint-Saens, & American works  
Symphony Hall, Jan. 30, 8:00 p.m.  
student tickets: \$3.00 533-6407

## Dance

Dance in Concert  
de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC  
Jan. 21-23, 7:30 p.m.

Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company  
de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC  
Jan. 30, 7:30 p.m.  
tickets: 378-7447

## Art

Tell Quarqur, Archeological Investiga-  
tions in Syria, Museum of Peoples and  
Cultures  
info: 378-6112

BYU Faculty Art Show  
B.F. Larson Gallery, HFAC. Free

Sharokh Rezvani Prints  
Gallery 303, HFAC. Free

Utah Museum of Natural History  
University of Utah campus  
"Year of the Dinosaur"  
info: 581-6927

Salt Lake Art Center  
A Cross Section of Utah Art, 1930's to  
present. All media represented.  
info: 328-4201

Multi-Ethnic Center, SLC  
Utah Watercolor Society Exhibit  
info: 533-5895

Springville Museum of Art  
Utah 87: Works on Paper  
Through Jan. 28  
info: 533-5895

Salt Lake Art Center  
Movie Posters  
info: 328-4201

Salt Lake Museum  
Bonnie Sucec "Times and Seasons"  
through Feb. 14  
info: 328-4201

## Film

Black Awareness Week  
Films and Documentaries:  
Black Legacy: A History of the Black  
Experience in Utah, and Black History: Lost,  
Stolen or Strayed"  
Jan. 20, 10:00 a.m. -1:00 p.m.

United States Film Festival  
a showcase for new American films  
Events include premieres, seminars, tributes  
& awards, and international programming.  
Park City, through Jan. 24  
info: 328-FILM

International Cinema  
250 SWKT  
Jan. 19-23:  
Woman in the Dunes (Japanese)  
Pandora's Box (1928 silent)  
Yellow Land (Chinese)  
Memories of Berlin: The Twilight of  
Weimar Culture (German)  
Jan. 26-30:  
Bitter Rice (Italian)  
El Amor Brujo (Spanish)  
It is Easy to be Young (English)  
Musical Passage (English)  
Please check fliers for daily schedules.

Varsity  
A Room with a View  
Jan. 22-23, 25-28, 4:30, 7:00, 9:30 p.m.  
Private Eyes  
Jan. 22, 11:30 p.m.  
Golden Child  
Jan. 29-30, 4:30, 7:00, 9:30 p.m.  
Tootsie  
Jan. 29, 11:30 p.m.

Varsity II  
Harry and the Hendersons  
Jan. 22-23, 25, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
The Sound of Music  
Jan. 29-30, Feb. 1, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Film Society  
The Red Shoes  
Jan. 22-23, 6:00 & 9:00 p.m.  
Misfits  
Jan. 29-30, 6:00 & 9:00 p.m.

Cinema in Your Face  
Jan. 19-26:  
Blue Velvet  
Amnesty  
Street Trash  
Prisoner of Conscience, with W & H Mandela  
Jan. 27-31:  
Interiors, by Woody Allen  
Eurythmics Australian Concert Tour  
Call 364-3647 for daily schedules

## Lectures & Assemblies

Black Awareness Week Lecture  
William Guillory, President of Innovations

JSB Auditorium, Jan. 19, 12:00-1:00 p.m.

Professor of the Month Lecture  
Dr. Clyn D. Barrus, Department of Music  
Varsity Theatre, Jan. 20, 11:00 a.m.

Black Awareness Week Lecture  
Andrew Young, mayor of Atlanta and  
former U.N. Ambassador will address  
students in the ELWC Memorial Lounge,  
Jan. 21, 8:00 p.m.

Executive Lecture  
"Real Estate: Dead or Alive?" H. Roger  
Boyer, President, Boyer Investment Co.,  
Jan. 21, 710 TNRB, 2:00 p.m. and 151  
TNRB, 4:00 p.m.

Forum, Professor Robert Bellah, sociolo-  
gist, University of California, Berkeley,  
and author of *Habits of the Heart*  
Jan. 26, 11:00 a.m.

## Sports & Ski Races

Utah Jazz vs. Detroit  
Salt Palace, Jan. 20, 7:30 p.m.

Women's Gymnastics  
BYU vs. Denver  
SFH, Jan. 23, 7:00 p.m.

Wasatch Touring Overland Ski Race  
Brighton to Park City  
Registration Fee: \$8.00 (includes lunch &  
entry award) before 8:30 a.m. day of race  
Jan. 23, 9:00 a.m.

Women's Tennis  
BYU Round Robin  
SFH, Jan. 28-30

Utah Jazz vs. Atlanta  
Salt Palace, Jan. 30, 7:30 p.m.

Women's Gymnastics  
BYU vs. Seattle Pacific  
SFH, Jan. 30, 7:00 p.m.

Basketball  
BYU vs. Air Force  
Marriot Center, Jan. 30, 7:30 p.m.

Wasatch Citizens Series Cross Country Ski  
Race—Mayors Cup, Mountain Dell Golf  
Course, Jan. 30, 10:00 a.m.  
Registration Fee: \$8.00, day or race, 8:30-  
9:30 a.m. Prizes for all classes.

Deer Valley Challenge  
Deer Valley, Jan. 30-31  
info: 649-61001

## Parties & Goings On

Student Review Winter Party  
Everyone Invited  
Backstage Cafe, Jan. 25

Snowbird Superbowl Party  
Big Screen TV, Refreshments  
Cottonwood Room of the Snowbird Center  
Jan. 31, info: 521-6040



## Warming from front page

tend to stay there. Nitrous oxide may take five years to reach altitudes around 15 miles where it is finally broken down. This break down produces fragments called radicals which attack ozone molecules. Methane gas, which undergoes a similar process, is commonly produced by microbes in swamps, rice paddies and the intestines of sheep. When carbon dioxide and other gases collect in the atmosphere they allow visible light to penetrate to the earth's surface, but much of the infrared light (or heat) radiated by the earth is reflected back toward the earth by the pollutants in the upper atmosphere thus increasing the earth's temperature like a greenhouse.

Perhaps more alarming are the potentially harmful effects of the man-made chemicals called chlorofluorocarbons (CFC's). Invented in the 1920s, CFC's have proven very useful because they are inert (they don't react easily with other chemicals). They have found various uses such as propellants for aerosol sprays, coolants for refrigerators and air conditioners, cleansers and agents for producing foam.

Unfortunately, the very property which makes them so useful is the property which also makes them so potentially lethal. Because CFC's don't react easily they float up into the atmosphere and collect with other inert gasses. As they rise, they are subjected to increasing solar radiation until they finally do react.

The increase in ultraviolet light eventually breaks off a chlorine atom from the CFC molecule. This atom then reacts with an ozone molecule (three bonded oxygen atoms), breaking it into a normal oxygen molecule (two bonded oxygen atoms) and a free oxygen atom. The oxygen atom bonds to the chlorine atom to form chlorine monoxide. Finally, when another free oxygen atom attacks the chlorine monoxide molecule it breaks up into normal oxygen and a free chlorine atom. This free chlorine atom is then available to repeat the process.

It is estimated that a single chlorine atom can remove as many as 100,000 ozone molecules from the atmosphere through this process. It is believed that CFC's are a major factor in the alarming growth rate of the ozone hole over Antarctica.

There are, however, other possible explanations for the ozone hole. Perhaps the most probable is the observed phenomenon of stratospheric circulation. As air heats up near the equator it rises into the stratosphere and moves north and



SR Art by Pat Barth

south. Most of the ozone is produced at the equator, but since these wind patterns carry it away, the ozone peaks occur at the north pole and at about sixty degrees south of the equator. The ozone does not travel further south because there are air disturbance patterns around the south pole.

This suggests that the ozone hole may be due in part to changing airflow patterns in the southern hemisphere. This notion is further supported by the fact that ozone observations in Antarctica have been known to change drastically in a matter of hours. This could not be explained by natural chemical processes.

The regular occurrence of the hole during the austral spring is explainable by both of these methods. At the poles

there is little light during the winter. This brings chemical reactions in the atmosphere over the poles to a virtual standstill during the winter months. As the air slowly heats up the reactions begin to take place until equilibrium is reached towards summer. The airflow patterns also fluctuate due to the change in available heat.

### What is being done?

The growing problem of global warming is becoming more and more apparent and is sparking several responsible groups into action. In October 1987 about 120 scientists from all over the world converged on a small town in southern Chile and spent two months flying planes over the south pole to collect data as the ozone hole appeared. This data is now being analyzed in several projects in order to determine how and if we need to combat what seems to be a potentially fatal problem.

In addition most countries are trying to conscientiously control emissions from fossil fuels to reduce the amount of airborne carbon dioxide and other pollutants. Conservation groups are continually lobbying for protection of forests, wetlands and other natural pollutant-controlling areas.

In 1978 the U.S. banned the use of CFC's in spray cans. This past September 23, nations (including the U.S.) signed an agreement to reduce consumption of CFC's. This agreement calls for nations to hold CFC consumption at 1986 levels by the middle of the next decade, and to cut usage in half by the turn of the century.

### Conclusions

Because of the potential seriousness of the problem, people are beginning to take notice of the systematic destruction of our environment. At least the problem of global warming has been anticipated and with luck it may be arrested before it proves fatal. It is truly amazing that something as simple as a can of spray deodorant can be so potentially hazardous to the earth's environment.

The problems of the ozone hole, the greenhouse effect, and general global warming, though serious, are perhaps only symptoms of a much more serious problem. We are products of the industrial age and intimate participants in the space age. It seems that we may have enjoyed the benefits of science and industry for so long that we sometimes ignore the potentially dangerous consequences of our gluttony.

## Pricing from page 2

ers' prices. Consumers simply fill the tank at the lowest priced station.

Similarly, no firm can raise prices until circumstances prevail that allow all to raise prices. Any firm pricing above the others for even a short period would sustain heavy losses of volume, profit and customers. There is nothing necessarily collusive about prices that move together. In fact, competitive market conditions for this product insure such movement.

A major effect of the oil price surges of the 1970s was a sharp reduction in the quantity of gas purchased. High fuel costs induced people to buy cars that get better mileage and to use them more efficiently, thus reducing demand in the retail market.

Prices and profit margins are lower than they would have been otherwise. These prices are below the costs at which some sellers can stay in business or offer certain services. Because of this many firms closed or changed the character of their business. This behavior will continue until enough stations have closed to make the remaining ones viable.

In recent years about 40 percent of the stations have closed nationwide and major changes have been caused in the nature of gasoline marketing. If this is "cutthroat" competition, it is not abnormal but entirely consistent with a competitive market adjusting to changing conditions.

The Salt Lake area has many gasoline dealers. Research has shown that when there are many sellers collusions is unlikely to

succeed without formal organizations and systematic enforcement. These activities are almost impossible to conceal for very long.

Without seeing evidence of the right sort of meeting, quotas, agreements and methods of enforcement, it is difficult to believe collusion has occurred. Collusion could occur, of course, but it would leave clear and unambiguous tracks and so far we are aware of none.

future?

The existing quantity of world oil reserves is fixed (ignoring discovery or enhancement of reserves for simplicity). How fast will this oil be used? The cost of using it now is the value we forego by not having it available to use in the future. The cost of saving it for use in the future is the value given up by not using it now. Economics

*Gas supply collusion could be occurring in Utah valley, of course, but it would leave clear and unambiguous tracks and so far we are aware of none.*

### The World Market

What has happened to gasoline prices in Utah becomes clearer by placing the local experience in the context of world markets. It is true that prices are always set by someone, but prices are determined in response to market forces and information as they are known or perceived by those making the decisions.

Are these market forces competitive or monopolistic? How can we know? Answering these questions indirectly answers the more central question—are today's prices reasonable and will they be higher in the

demonstrates that the rate of extraction of oil increases or decreases in response to market forces until these two values are equal.

This has two implications. First, the price of oil rises continually through time at a rate equal to the market rate of interest. Thus, even in perfectly competitive markets, oil prices will continually rise as long as information about expected reserves, oil demand and the economic feasibility of oil substitutes (coal, nuclear energy, etc.) does not change. Second, oil prices can make sudden jumps up or down if information about any of these matters change.

Suppose, for example, that the expected

rate of introduction of a future oil substitute such as nuclear power is delayed. The existing plan to extract oil at a rate which exhausts reserves by the time the substitute becomes competitive is now inappropriate (as are prices based on that plan). The former planned rate of use is now too rapid and if maintained will exhaust reserves before adequate substitutes are available. The old rate of oil usage must, therefore, be reduced. The market accomplishes this reduction by generating a rise in the price of oil in the following way.

Owners of oil know that if the price does not rise thus, slowing the rate of present consumption, the future shortage of oil will mean that prices will rise in the future. Anyone having oil to sell at that time will collect attractive profits.

Knowing that this future gain could be theirs, owners hold more of their oil for future sale, reducing the amount available for sale now and causing the current price to rise. Oil prices will then be at a new, higher level which will ultimately be reflected in the price of gasoline and related products. Price increases of this type could be worsened by collusion at any level, but the price movements themselves imply nothing about collusion.

Empirical evidence suggests that movements in world oil prices, even the sharp increases in 1973 and 1979, are consistent with the above explanation. Despite this fact, many prefer to focus on conspiracies.